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The Black Cat

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JANUARY 1913

Three Fingers
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Charles Wesley Sanders

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The Way of a Filipino
James Edmond Casey

Adam and Eve
Edwin Carlile Litsey

Niobe at the Gate
W. J. Bahmer

Pamfret and Peace
Rex T. Stout

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LITTLE FOLKS MAGAZINE

FOR CHILDREN FROM THREE TO TEN

¶ LITTLE FOLKS is a ***story teller, a picture-book, a playfellow, an out-of-school magazine.*** Its fun is of a simple, sunshiny sort. Its little tales of children stimulate their readers and hearers to be ***fearless, cheerful, unselfish,*** and above all ***true and honorable.*** All stories of a painful kind are excluded, especially s as would harm nervous and imaginative children. At the time w the children are forming their habits LITTLE FOLKS is of in mable go

OVER 100,000 MOTHERS

have selected LITTLE FOLKS as a companion for their children, in an endeavor to make the coming generation of Americans the best that the world has ever witnessed. Shall your children aid in this movement?

¶ LITTLE FOLKS is issued for the purpose of assisting parents in the moral and mental education and development of their children and to create and foster an instinctive knowledge of and love for the best and purest in literature in these children's hearts and minds thru the sole mediums of entertainment and suggestion. Its morals and examples are all the more effective because sugar-coated with pleasure and subsconsciously assimilated. LITTLE FOLKS accomplishes the same purpose in the families it enters as would be accomplished by the kindergarten instructor who lives with, loves and understands children.

The Best Authors and Artists, for Children

are endeavoring to make this the Ideal Children's Magazine. It contains stories about children that will inspire every child who reads them or listens to them to want to be just the kind of children that all careful, intelligent mothers want their children to be. LITTLE FOLKS is the only magazine, in the United States, published exclusively for little folks from three to ten years.

TRIAL OFFER

The price of LITTLE FOLKS is **$1.00,** but to introduce it to new homes we offer a three months' trial subscription for **fifteen cents.** Remember it is for your children's good to send today to

The S. E. Cassino Co., Publishers, Salem, Mass.

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A Monthly Magazine of Original Short Stories.

Published at Salem, Mass.

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BY MARY GERTRUDE Mc NAMARA.

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Bill slopped one lank leg over the other. "Open yer face to John and it's like pourin' water into a pan o' hot grease. He's got to do jest so much sizzlin' and sputterin' before he ca'ams down. I've got so used to it by now, it's come to feel as natural as an old boot," and he threw a long look at Coffee John, who hurriedly dived

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into the wood-box, but immediately straightened up as Bill continued: "I've said before, an' I say it again, wimmin certainly have it on the men fer grit."

As Coffee John turned cautiously around, Bill held up his left hand, which boasted a thumb and index finger only.

Coffee John succinctly demonstrated the theory of suspended animation as he stood stock-still before the hot-blast stove, a chunk of nut-pine in his hand. For fifteen years, his curiosity had nibbled and gnawed at the stumps of Bill's missing fingers. Until tonight, the gnawing had been dry and futile.

"Eighteen years ago," and Bill lapsed into the speech and tone of other days,—"I was twenty-five then,"—he added sadly, "I wasn't rusty and I wasn't frost-bit, and I wasn't lean and I wasn't drifting. I answered to the name of Bill Bolden. It all began at Stray Dog one Fourth of July. I was six foot two, clear timber, and weighed nigh on two hundred and a quarter. I was working at the Lone Star and entered the contest for the world's championship in single-hand drilling. Beside the men from our own states, there were men from Australia, Alaska, and the Transvaal—from all over the mining world.

"Stray Dog was lively in those days; nothing scarce but women. Most of those there that Fourth of July came in from ranches all the way from thirty to sixty, and even ninety miles out. Stray Dog looked much like any other mining-camp in the desert country. It was slap on the desert, with low mountains to the east, covered with scrubby nut-pine, sagebrush, and an occasional Joshua.

"There were only two streets in Stray Dog, the usual Main Street and Prospect running at right angles to it. It was at this crossing, better known as Bank Corner, that the miners put up the platform for the drilling contests. It had a canvas overhead, for the weather was right hot. I've heard it said that it was so hot that summer that the wings fell off the flies and they took to walking instead of flying."

Coffee John failed to note this departure of Bill's for the realms of nature-faking, so intense was his eagerness to fathom the mystery of the missing fingers. Bill resumed:

"Well, there was the usual parade at ten o'clock, led by the local band. You all know what that means. After that there was the usual address by the leading citizen. Then, the drilling contests opened so as not to run them too late into the day. They'd arranged to have horse-racing and bronco-busting after the drilling match was over.

"The crowd pressed round the platform where the granite rocks were mounted. The double-jacking contest opened first, so it was pretty well into the afternoon before I was called. I was the last contestant in the single-hand event, drilling to continue, as in the double-hand events, for fifteen consecutive minutes.

"By that time, it was mighty hot. Some of those who had gone away for lunch hadn't come back. Others went in search of cooling drinks, and the crowd had thinned out considerable.

"I found my way to the platform and stood beside the rock already scarred by my opponents. I almost saw defeat peep from the thirty-three inch hole driven by the fellow from Australia. I brought my hammer with me. My coach stood to the left, ready to hand me the drills, which ranged from small to large, sharpened and pointed to suit my notion.

"I can hear old Mawry yet as he cleared his throat and sang out over the heads of the people below: 'The contest—for the world's championship—in single-hand drilling—closes—after the entry—of Bill Bolden—the hope of Stray Dog.'

"Stray Dog rose to its hind legs and cheered, not me but Stray Dog. The crowd began to come back.

"Old Mawry continued: 'On the strength of Bill's right arm—rests the burden—of showing our friend from across the sea—that the stuff that was in the boys of '76—still has its outcroppings—here in Stray Dog.'

"Stray Dog sat up and howled its faith.

"Old Mawry turned, and, with a wave of his hand, concluded: 'Ladies and gentlemen, I have the honor to introduce—Bill Bolden.

"I was about to make some fool remark about doing the best I could, when, just below me and to the left, a pair of steady brown eyes caught and held my own and drew from me the pompous words: 'The world's championship—in single-hand drilling—remains—at Stray Dog.' And I flicked my Australian friend with a haughty, confident glance, then turned to meet the eyes beneath the railing. They were smiling.

"I selected my spot upon the rock, set my drill, gripped my hammer, and waited for old Mawry to count ten. At one, I dropped my hammer on the rock and smiled back at the eyes. At two, I began to measure stroke. At nine, I cleared my lungs and drew in a deep breath. At ten, my hammer fell. I just imagined I had that Australian under my drill and I reckoned to flatten him out a bit with every blow—drill clear through him to—the eyes. I clean forgot my big stall about the championship.

"God, but it was hot! One of the boys flung buckets of water over my steaming back, and one quenched my parched lips and throat with water from a sponge. We'd practised it for weeks.

"Down, down, down, went one drill after another, until it was some trick to clear them of the hole and ram another in. Louder and louder, and louder, cheered the crowd, and faster, and faster, flew my hammer. Once in a while, a drill would stick; but, with a little trick of turning, I somehow managed to keep them free until just as old Mawry croaked, 'Eight minutes,' the damn thing stuck. I pounded and wrenched, and pounded and wrenched. The water that was thrown continually on my work failed to wash out the drillings. It simply wouldn't free. The crowd grew quiet. I wondered dumbly what the eyes were doing, but I dassen't look. Besides, I was seeing red. Then, all the devils in all the Boldens back of e—and there were some—rose up, and, with a screech of hellish rage, I fell on that drill. The sweat rolled from my head and face, and all but blinded me.

"'Ten minutes,' groaned old Mawry, and I hurled it through the air, and not missing a stroke, fell on its successor. The crowd went mad with joy, and I sailed off into space—two arms, a hammer, and a drill—driving madly, blindly, after two brown eyes that receded and receded, faster and yet faster, until all I saw was those eyes and all that I heard was the 'ing-ing-ing' of the hammer on the drill. Then, a pause, in which I seemed to hang 'twixt heaven and earth.

"'Fifteen,' quavered old Mawry, and I staggered back. The hammer slipped from my stiffened grasp. Catching my balance, I lurched forward, and, sprawling over the granite, peered through blood-shot eyes for something beneath the railing. There was nothing there.

"'Where's that girl?' I rasped.

"I was clutched from the back, and, in a second, some one yelled: 'Thirty-six, boys, thirty-six, by hell!'

"The crowd took up the cry: 'Thirty-six, everybody, thirty-six, by hell.' And I thought for sure it was. I couldn't see her anywhere.

"Then, I was yanked up into the air, and somebody's legs—not my own—walked me from the platform and up one side of Main Street and down the other. I continued to rave: 'Where is that girl?' but no one paid the least attention. They bumped into the fellow from Australia at the drug-store and set me down. He reached me his hand. I gripped it.

" 'You know where she is?' I wheedled, and, when he went on with some mushy talk about losing to a better man, I flung it from me with a curse and strode into the crowd, pursued by cajoling friends.

"Then, I came back, and, quieting down, said: 'I'll do anything —go anywhere—if you'll just help me find that girl with the brown eyes, who stood up close to the platform on the left.'

" 'Remember the drill that stuck?' said old Mawry. 'When you flung it out that time, it lit into the crowd and struck a girl on the shoulder. At first, I thought it only grazed her. She stood there while the young fellow who was with her picked it up and set it back on the platform. When I looked again, they were gone, and, in the excitement of the moment, no one saw them go. However, I just met Doc Lawson, and he tells me it broke her collar-bone and bruised her cruelly. But she particularly asked that you hear nothing about it, at any rate not until to-morrow, so as not to interfere with the pleasure of your success. She's at the Miners' Hospital, and they'll do the right thing by her.'

" 'Thanks,' I said. 'I'm going up to the hospital,' and, as they showed a disposition to come along, 'and you can go where you damn please.' With that, I left them.

"When I got up to the hospital, the nurse wasn't going to let me in.

" 'What?' I said, 'I can't see the girl I'm going to marry? That's a pretty how-d'ye-do.'

" 'Oh, well, that's different,' she said. 'Who shall I tell her is here?'

" 'I'll go right along with you,' I said, and trod on her heels all the way down the hall. 'Just tell her it's Bill.'

"I hadn't the faintest idea what I'd say, and the funny part of it was, I didn't care. I decided to trust to the eyes again. She looked so little and white lying there that, in a moment, I saw less than when I looked beneath the railing. But she was game and gave me her hand and her eyes with a shy little smile. We neither of us spoke. I stood there, God knows how long, with her hand in mine. It was so soft and white it felt like a child's—she wasn't much more —and, when I found she didn't pull it away, I stooped over and kissed it. Then the nurse called time and gave me to that mob again.

"The days just slithered one into another, and I walked about in a trance, mostly in the direction of the hospital. I laid the ghost of the young fellow who picked up the drill—her brother—and took

good care by being always on the ground that no other ghost got so much as a look-in.

"'My brother is coming in from the ranch for me to-morrow,' she said one afternoon, and, in a trice, I felt all hollow like a barrel.

"'I never reckoned on your going back,' I said unevenly. 'I was only waiting until I thought you were well enough to walk out to the preacher's. There's a fairish little shack over on Prospect that with a wing or two, might answer for a home. And then,' I added helplessly, 'there's me.'

"'Poor you,' she said, and laid her hand on mine; 'but I promised Father I'd see Jim through the winter. We'll come in for Christmas, Jim says.'

"And, with that, I had to be content. I laid off for a couple of shifts the day she left, and rode with them as far as Cactus Springs. When she faded away, a speck on the desert, I drove the rowels into my horse, and all that night rode back.

"I don't rightly remember how I got through the days from that till Christmas, though it's easy enough to remember the days that followed. I spent most of the time in fixing up the shack. I who had never had a home, had strange fancies as to what the place should look like. With the help of a little woman across the street, I papered the place throughout—there were only two rooms—and, for a trifle, got matting and such things as she directed. She kept me jumping sideways; but I quite forgave her when she promised to cook the Christmas dinner.

"The weather held off until a few days before Christmas. We'd had a few flurries of snow up to that time, but nothing much to speak of. Martha wrote they'd leave the ranch, some sixty miles from Stray Dog, early the morning of the twenty-third and reach Cactus Springs that night, and Stray Dog the next. I promised myself to surprise them by riding out a ways to meet them.

"When I woke the morning of the twenty-fourth, the sky was fuzzy, and the desert had a look I didn't like. When I came off shift that afternoon, the wind had started up, and the horizon to the north was a streak of dirty yellow, advancing every minute across the desert, leaving an ugly black cloud behind. By the time I reached the shack, the snow began to fall, and I made up my mind to start at once.

"I was ready in less time than it takes to tell, and, rolling up a fox robe, a relic of tenderfoot days, I loped it to the Alamo.

"'Two bottles of yer best whisky,' I panted, then broke for Jenkins' livery.

"'Quick, a bronco.'

"'What the—'

"'Or your life,' I blazed.

"In five minutes, I headed that bronco down Main Street to where it melts into the county road and left Stray Dog behind. Five minutes more and old hell cut loose.

"About ten miles out, there was a little place kept by an old chap named Allen. I was in hopes I'd find them there. I didn't. Allen got me something to eat and tried to persuade me from going farther, arguing that, in all likelihood, they hadn't left Cactus. He offered to sit up the rest of the night and keep a fire burning and a light lit for the one chance in a thousand that they'd come floundering in.

"The storm, if anything, got worse, and, half-persuaded, I lay down on Allen's cot. I don't know how long I had been asleep when every fiber of my being vibrated to the wail: 'O—oh, Bill, Bill Bolden.' It was Martha's voice I heard, and, as the last faint accents died away, I was on my feet.

"'What's that?' I gasped.

"'The wind,' said Allen. 'Been dreaming?'

"For an answer, I banged the door behind me. Facing that little bronco into the gale, I had gone miles and miles and miles it seemed when, with every nerve taut, my ear picked up that wail again, but fainter than before. 'Bill, o-o-h, Bill.'

"We stumbled on and on, when, suddenly, the bronco sank back on his haunches, and up from our very feet rose the echo of that wail again: 'O-o-h, o-o-h, Bill,' and it trailed off into the echo of a sob. And there on her knees was Martha, feebly thrashing Jim's arms against his body as he lay senseless in the snow. He'd given clean out.

"'I dragged him this far after he fell,' she said, 'and it was only by calling and calling to you that I managed to keep awake. And all the time, I knew you'd come. I don't know what has become of the horses.'

"I got out the whisky and gave Martha some, and rubbed her face and hands with snow. Then, I poured a little whisky between Jim's lips. Martha picked up fresh strength and courage, and we went to work on his hands and feet as best we could. I let Martha help. It was the best thing for her. The little bronco backed up to the gale, and I slipped the lead rope over my arm. The whisky and the rubbing finally brought Jim to. Giving the rope to Martha, I rolled him in the fox robe and hoisted him on to my back. Maybe I

wasn't glad of my six foot two and my two hundred and a quarter! They never were put to a better use.

" 'Let the horse strike out,' I said, and we fell in line and trusted to the four-footed child of the desert to bring us home.

"About day-break the wind died down, the sky cleared, and there, a couple of hundred yards away, was Allen's cabin. He was on the lookout for us, and took Martha in his arms and carried her in. I staggered along with Jim. More rubbing, more whisky, a little black coffee, and the warmth, and Jim was put to bed. A little of the same for Martha, and she insisted she was quite all right and sat beside him.

" 'Want to do something for me?' she asked wistfully. 'Then get the doctor for Jim.' And off I put to Stray Dog and back that night with Doc Lawson.

"Jim had pneumonia; but we somehow managed to pull him through. Martha, after she got rested and back to Stray Dog, seemed about as usual. I gave those three fingers to Doc Lawson for a Christmas present, and kept the frost-bite for remembrance," Bill added, turning to Coffee John, who shuffled around and poked the chunk of nut-pine in the fire.

"Whatever became of Martha?" peeped a dry little man from the far side of the stove.

"Married her and brought her home," said Bill. "She was my one hope of everything in life worth having. I lived the next two years, I tell you—lived. I had a home at last, the first since I was eleven. I had love, the first I could remember. My mother must have loved me as is the way with mothers; but she didn't stay long enough for me to find it out. And then, I had a child—a son—me, Bunchgrass Bill, and I had all these things because I had her. Do you wonder I was fond of her?

"We were married about two years when the baby came, some few weeks before we looked for him. I'd seen lambs like him, born out of season, lambs that never come to the shearing. That morning, when Martha drew back the little coverlet for me to look my fill, I searched her face for the first pangs this knowledge of sheep had brought to me. I saw only the brooding tenderness of the new-made mother, and my heart ached and ached for her in the days to come. But as one week slipped into another, I began to think the rule worked different with babies, and God! how I hoped it did, and, then, one morning—

"After that, she didn't seem so well, and, one night about six months later, the mother within me woke. I took her in my arms,

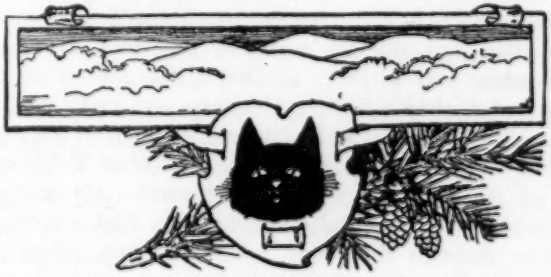
a child again, and, for the last time, her sweet face lay over my heart and brown eyes smiled back to mine. And, all the while, I sat and rocked, and rocked, until I rocked my life, my light, my love, to sleep. And from that time on, I began to be the rusty frost-bit feller you see tonight."

Bunchgrass Bill rose and stood by the window, and faced the storm. An awkward silence, broken only by the smacking and the licking of the flames on the chunk of nut-pine, fell on the uncouth group about the stove as each heart raked among the ashes of some unforgotten past.

The lank, mute figure by the window stirred. With shoulders squared and head held high, Bill faced the little group again. The rusty frost-bit countenance was lighted by eyes that blazed with a light triumphant, a light that slowly transfused the face and played in a happy smile about the lips. The years fell away. In his hand, Bill Bolden held aloft the torch of love, a torch whose light neither flickered nor died down, but burned on and on in a hand that never wearied.

"And yet, just because of those two years or more, there doesn't live, in all this wide white earth tonight, the man with whom I would change places."

Sinking into his chair, Bill slopped one lank leg over the other, and, dropping quite naturally into the vernacular of his fellows, said whimsically to his companion of years: "John, yuh ain't a judge of singed cats, nohow."



The Avenger.*

BY CHARLES WESLEY SANDERS.

HE man at work on the ship's side looked down; the man who had just come around the corner of the building looked up. The meeting had taken place.

The man on the dock was aware of this the moment he looked into the other's eyes; the man at work on the boat had no more fear of this stranger than he had of any other stranger who came upon him suddenly. Therefore he went back to his work with no more trepidation than he had displayed a hundred times at similar meetings.

Murray, the man on the dock, could have laughed. It was too absurd, the way things happened. Here he had traveled far and near, seeking his man, and he had failed. Now he had come upon him in this obscure lake port, tinkering at the side of a battered old freighter.

He was sure he was not mistaken. This man tallied exactly with the description Dixon had given the day after the sinking of the Fairhaven—the day after the night the Fairhaven had stood out to sea with no lights showing and had not come back. This man had the same stoop to his shoulders, the same long arms, the same rat-colored hair, the same dry mustache, the same furtive blue eyes. The furtiveness was marked, as Dixon had said it was marked. The man had flashed a look at Murray just now, and then had gone on with his work as if he had not glanced.

This man was a ship's carpenter as the other had been and he was not an especially clever ship's carpenter. He was putting a short timber forward in the old boat. He had driven the long, black spikes through the front end, but now when he came to drive them into the other end that end would not fit. He was fussily and slowly chipping away the hard wood. Presently he forced the timber into its place and drove the spikes home. Then he glanced over his shoulder at a man who was

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cooking hash in the lee of a ship supply company's building.

"That hash ready?" he called.

"All ready," the man with the spider in his hand replied.

The carpenter clambered up to the dock. Murray followed him over to the cook. An appetizing odor rose from the mess in the spider. The cook, a lean young fellow of twenty, with clear, happy blue eyes, regarded the stranger with an invitation in those eyes.

"Hungry?" he asked.

Murray had just dined plentifully, but he simulated hunger.

"Dip in," said the cook, and handed him a spoon and a tin dish.

Murray helped himself without a word from the third man.

"Mighty good," he said, when he had finished a second helping.

The carpenter, still not having spoken, went back to his work. The young man rolled a cigarette and handed his tobacco to Murray.

"Workin'?" Murray asked.

"No; not yet. I'll be sailin' as soon as this doggoned ice gets out of the lake."

He cast his pleasant glance out beyond the breakwater where the ice still showed in white masses. Though it was late in March little of the ice had gone out. The river, however, was free of it. The fish tugs were being overhauled and one towing tug was helping another downstream to their respective docks.

"It'll not be long," the young man added. "She's breaking up. You a sailor?"

For a moment Murray did not answer. He was watching the carpenter. The young man studied the profile which he presented. It was a good profile, with a thin, long nose, tightly-closed lips, and an eye that looked out from a mesh of wrinkles.

"I haven't sailed for several years," Murray said. "I used to sail on salt water. I never been on the lakes and I thought I'd take a look around. Who's your sulky friend out there?"

The young man regarded the carpenter with a smile.

"He's a queer louse," he said. "Got a perpetual grouch about something. Always thinks he's getting the worst of it. I don't know him. Just been cooking his hash for him last few days."

"You're up against it?"

"Oh, I'll get along as soon as navigation opens up."

"Bunking with the carpenter?"

"Yeh."

"Come up to the hotel and I'll buy a drink," Murray said, rising from the timber on which he had been sitting.

The young man sprang up.

"Hey, Carter," he called to the carpenter, "we're going to the hotel to licker up! Sorry for you!"

Murray saw the man's hands twitch and his mouth work.

"There's the boy that fights the booze," the young man said as they climbed the hill. "Hot rum! He loves it! 'Most had the D. T's one night."

Murray wanted no further testimony. Dixon, dying that day three years ago, had called his man a "rum-guzzling coward." Because he was dying, Dixon's language had been mild.

"If he's drinking rum and looks as if he was afraid of his shadow, that'll be him," Dixon had said.

* * * * * *

On the first floor of the sailors' hotel there was a dining room and in front of that a barroom, and adjoining the barroom a lounging room. In the latter there was one long table and two dozen dilapidated chairs. Kid Rollins, the young man of the cheery blue eye, sat in one of the chairs with his head on the table, sound asleep. Murray's liberality had known no limit, and the Kid had practiced self-denial for many a day.

Murray came out of the barroom perfectly sober, and going up to the Kid shook him by the shoulder. The Kid woke up as easily and slowly as a baby.

"I fell asleep," he said. "He come in yet?"

"He's in the barroom now, taking his first drink of rum," Murray answered.

The Kid got to his feet with a hand on the table.

"I got kind of drunk kind of quick," he said, with his cheerful smile.

They went into the barroom and the Kid hailed Carter. Carter nodded, his eyes still furtive. The Kid introduced Murray as a "friend o' mine." Murray bought three drinks, Carter taking hot rum each time.

"That's an odd habit you have," Murray said. "Where'd you get it?"

Carter started, as if the apparently innocent question had something back of it.

"Oh, I don't know," he mumbled.

"West Indies, maybe?"

"Oh, I don't know."

"Or maybe you always sailed the lakes," Murray went on, keeping his voice casual.

But Kid Rollins was too drunk to let that go unchallenged, no matter what Carter might do.

"Him?" he asked. "Why, he's been every place you can find in a geography. He's had 'speriences, that old boy."

"Let's eat," Carter said, looking toward the dining room.

"You've sailed salt water?" Murray asked, when they had sat down.

"Some," Carter answered.

"Him?" the irrepressible Kid repeated. "I tell you he's been all over. You tell him some of your 'speriences, Cap, after supper. Tell him about that there filibusterin' 'spedition. Some story that, believe me. Tell him about the time you was shanghaied out of Frisco when they wanted a cook 'stead of a carpenter. Tell him—"

"Let's eat," Carter said, and he dropped his eyes to his plate and did not raise them during the meal.

Murray left the table ahead of them and went into the barroom.

"Don't crab the game, Carter," Rollins implored. "Just think of the thirst I've had for so long. Give me a chance."

Carter shoved back his chair. He had a feeling that he ought to keep away from Murray. Murray asked too many questions. But a ship's carpenter who is addicted to the drinking of hot rum has not much spare cash. To be the guest of a man of money was an event not to be decided about lightly.

The result was that Carter spent the evening in Murray's company. Rollins went early to bed, leaving the two men alone. By eleven o'clock Carter found that he was having all he could do to keep from telling Murray things which were none of Murray's business. This was difficult, for Murray had an amazing way of drawing a man out. He seemed to have been in every land beneath the sun, and he awoke memories in Carter which Carter had hoped were dead. It was difficult to keep these from blazing up and illuminating things best left in the friendly dark.

* * * * * *

Within three days Carter was fast in Murray's grip, and what was more, he knew it. He had gone to work as usual that second day and had got drunk on rum the second night. The third day, a day of March wind and rain, he did not go to work. He was saturated with the rum by now, and ship's carpentering held no interest for him. Murray's stock of money still held, and Carter could sit with a glass of rum at his elbow hour after hour, listening to what Murray had to say.

Murray had talked unceasingly, telling vivid, flamboyant stories of many men and many lands. Carter had essayed to match him once or twice. Murray listened to the first two or three sentences and then he broke in with a narrative of his own. It was exasperating to the furtive man because he knew that he had knocked about as much as Murray had; and he had had experiences which would pale most of Murray's. But he had to hold his tongue, lest he go too far.

Kid Rollins, however, was a prodding voice in the silence that Carter was trying to keep.

"Why don't you tell him some of your 'speriences?" Rollins insisted. "Gawd, you've had 'em."

Carter would have a moment of hesitation, and then the voice of Murray would go smoothly on. Carter would fidget in his chair, but he would listen as he had been listening hour by hour.

The drinks which Murray took seemed only to loosen his tongue. He showed no other signs that the alcohol was in his brain. It was amazing, even to a seasoned drinker like Carter, what he could get away with. Once or twice, going to meals, Carter had been unsteady, while Rollins weaved back and forth waiting for someone else to lead the way to the dining room; but Murray sailed directly for the door, possibly rising a little on the swell but no more.

On the third night they had been to supper and had come back to the barroom to resume their drinking. The continued excesses were particularly noticeable on Carter and Rollins now. Rollins was sleepily drunk. The prognosis in his case was easy. But Carter was exhilarated beyond the safety point. His eyes had lost some of their furtiveness. He was even able to look Murray in the eye, with a kind of defiance.

Murray lit his pipe, gave a cigar to Carter, and began to talk. Rollins failed in his attempt to roll a cigarette and slumped down into his chair.

"Say," he said, as Murray presently paused to refill his pipe, "why don't you tell us a story, Carter? You was tellin' them to me when I was your buddy. Ain't I your buddy no more?"

He half rose and attempted to put his arm across Carter's shoulder. Carter shook him away, and he sank into his seat again.

"Why don't you tell us a story?" Murray asked, and Carter heard something in his voice which had not been there before, something pregnant with menace.

He looked at the changed man and saw a sneer on the thin lips. Hot rum had weakened Carter's judgment, and the words of a story

that would make Murray sit up rushed to his lips. But he choked them back and swallowed them. It was all right to tell Rollins fragments of the story of the filibustering expedition, but he mustn't get started on it when he was in a temper, else he might tell the truth.

"I don't know any stories that would interest you," he said, and lifted his glass.

"Tell him about the filibuster—" Rollins began.

"I'll tell you a story about a filibustering experience," Murray said, gulping his whiskey. "It's rather a curious story. Boat started for South America and never came back. Only *two* men ever reached shore."

He stopped abruptly. Carter made a noise in swallowing and put down his glass suddenly. He did not look at Murray. Outside the March wind was at its worst and it shook the old hotel.

"When my own mother died, my father married a South American woman—native of one of those turbulent little countries, Carter," Murray went on. "They had one child—my half brother, of course. I was four years older than him, but we came to be pals. When I was nineteen and he was fifteen, we ran away to sea. Father had sailed all over in his time, and it was in the blood. My brother was a big, dark fellow, and he easily passed for my age. We knocked about for a year. One day in London he said, 'Let's sail for God's country.' 'Where's that?' said I. 'Why, where my mother was born,' he said.

"His mother was a well-educated woman, and she had told us stories about her country and its people—how they were always having exciting revolutions down there. So I fell in with my brother's scheme. We landed at one of the seaports within a month or so. As soon as we left the boat, we stepped into trouble. It was just beginning—it hadn't come to a head yet—but street brawls between the factions were constant. One began under our noses. My brother thought he had to take sides. When he got out of the fight, he had a knife gash clear across his chin. He always carried a scar after that."

Murray paused, his hard eyes on Carter's face. Carter made as if to lift his glass, but his hand trembled so that he put the glass back on the table.

"We were in the midst of the revolution as soon as it broke," Murray went on. "As soon as the revolutionists learned who my brother's mother had been he was accepted as a trusted leader. He was in the thick of the rebel councils, and he dragged me in with him.

"Of course the first thing they needed was arms and ammunition. There was only one way to get those—to bring them from the States. They raised the money to purchase them and to charter a boat. Because of my brother's familiarity with this country he was chosen to head the expedition. He took a few men with him, and we worked our way back to the States. We found when we reached home that my brother's mother had died, and that the shock had aged my father before his time. We talked it over—my brother and I—and we decided that he should go on with the expedition and I should remain with my father.

"My brother had a little difficulty in getting his arms and ammunition, as well as his boat. The government of his country had somehow got wind of what was going on. Spies were dogging my brother's footsteps all the time. It took a good deal of ingenuity on his part to dodge them. But he at length got his boat loaded and down the coast and ready to leave. I went to see him off. We had dinner together and I bade him good-by. He thought it best that I shouldn't come to the wharf where the boat was moored, because he had to get there by a roundabout way.

"Well, the boat put out with no lights showing. But she never saw her port. Days afterwards they found her at the bottom, five miles out. My brother and the crew were drowned—except two men—*two* men, Carter."

He paused again and filled his glass from the bottle at his side.

"Have some more rum," he told his chief listener.

The bottle clinked against the side of the glass when Carter poured his drink.

"It was not till next morning that word reached me," Murray resumed. "Then a man named Dixon—the second of the survivors—sent for me. From him I learned the story. The boat had gone but a short distance when she began to settle. Water rushed in fore and aft in such volume that it seemed a hopeless task to attempt to save her. But there was more than the mere loss of a ship at stake and my brother and the crew set to work. My brother presently came running on deck.

" 'Why, she's been bored full of holes,' he screamed. 'Somebody's betrayed us.'

"She settled rapidly. My brother and the crew were tearing around like wild men.

" 'Where's that carpenter?' my brother screamed again in that awful voice.

"Just then the carpenter appeared from below. He had on a life preserver and he started to go over the rail.

"'Stop him,' my brother ordered.

"The carpenter turned. He had a revolver in each hand.

"'I'll shoot any man that moves,' he said.

"My brother laughed—a wicked laugh, Carter—and sprang at the carpenter. The latter shot him through the heart. Then menacing the rest of the crew with his revolvers, he went over the side. Dixon felt the boat going down beneath him. When he got out of the roar of water, there was nothing in sight. Boat and crew were gone. A cask floated near Dixon and he threw his arm over it. They picked him up on the beach the next morning. He had been hurt about the head and internally, and he died soon after he had told me his story.

"So only one man really survived. And that was the ship's carpenter. He had sold out to the government and had sent the ship to the bottom with all her crew."

"Didn't they never get him?" Rollins asked.

"Not yet."

Rollins cursed him violently.

"I'd bat him over the head myself if I got a chance," he said. "I'm going to bed."

He rose and lurched across the room to the stairway.

Murray waited till he was gone from earshot. Then he hissed one word:

"Scared!"

Carter tried not to look at the strained white face which was bending toward him—tried not to look at the hot blue eyes. But he failed. They drew him to them. He lifted his own face, now grown gray. He shuddered as he met the other man's eyes.

"Ah!" said Murray, drawing a deep breath.

Carter's glance wavered and fell.

"I'm going to bed," he whispered.

He rose weakly and got to the stairway. There he turned and looked back. The menacing eyes were still fixed on him. Slowly he mounted the stairs.

Three times before midnight Carter went to the head of the stairs and peered down. His grip was packed. He was ready for flight. But Murray was still in the same position at the table. The bottle was beside him, but at no time while Carter looked did Murray touch it. Ah, he was waiting.

The clock below stairs had just struck the midnight hour. Now

holding his breath and now taking it in deep gasps, Carter was sitting in the darkness. He heard a hand on the knob. He looked at the window, but he knew that there was no fire escape and that he was three stories from the ground. There was a rap from hard knuckles. Carter rose and went to the door.

"I hear you," said Murray's voice. "Open the door."

Carter only leaned and listened.

"I'll break it in," Murray said. "I can do it."

Still Carter was motionless save for the convulsions of his chest. He heard Murray put his shoulder to the door. The lock held for a moment, and then it gave way, the screws being pushed from the rotten wood. Murray slipped into the room and closed the door. Carter backed against the wall, feeling for a match. Murray seemed to have the eyes of a cat.

"Don't strike a light," he said. "I want to tell you something and then I'll leave."

"Are you going to kill me?" Carter demanded, his voice tremulous.

"Why, certainly," Murray said. "What did you think?"

Carter collapsed into a chair.

"But I don't know that I shall do it to-night," Murray said. His tone grew judicial. "I've found you. There's no hurry. I'll kill you—of course, I'll kill you sometime—before long. But maybe not to-night. Got anything to say?"

"About what?"

"Oh, about anything. I don't care. Choose your own topic."

There was silence in the little bedroom. Then Carter had to take his breath to keep from smothering.

"Well, I sunk the ship," he confessed.

"And killed my brother and the rest of the crew."

"Ah—they went down with the boat."

"You killed them?" The voice was relentless.

"Ah—yes, I killed them. Oh, the government promised to pay me, but they never did. I been broke ever since. I been afraid."

"Afraid of what?"

Carter's teeth clicked.

"Afraid of this—afraid somebody would come after me."

Silence fell again. Carter could feel rather than see Murray sitting against the opposite wall, regarding him with those threatening eyes. Carter wanted to scream. His nerves were near the breaking point. At last he asked:

"Well, what're you going to do?"

Murray rose, his chair scraping on the floor. "I'm going to

let you off to-night," he said. "I know you'll try to run away. But since I've found you, I won't lose sight of you again. You'll run and you'll keep on running. The fear you've had won't be a circumstance to what you'll go through till I decide to land you once for all. I'll be near you when you think you've given me the slip. Just when you're beginning to hope you're safe, I'll be at your elbow. I don't know when I'll strike, but when I do it'll be for keeps."

Carter heard him rise and cross the room.

"Keep away," he pleaded.

He could see Murray set himself now, every muscle in the lithe body drawn taut. Then Murray's bony fist crashed into his face. He went down in a heap. Murray laughed, recrossed the room, and went out through the sagging door.

An hour afterwards Carter gathered himself together and rose. Slipping to the head of the stairs, he saw that the barroom was empty. The night bartender was drowsing over the bar. Carter caught up his bag and stumbled down the stairs. He got by the bartender without rousing him. In the street he fairly ran toward the station.

"Ticket for Chicago," he told the agent. "When do I get a train?"

He was lucky. There was a train in thirty minutes. He slunk into the shadows and waited. The train whistled into the station. He ran across the platform. As he went up the steps of the train, he looked back. Murray was standing on the platform, watching him with that awful expression in his hard eyes.

"He's after me," Carter breathed, as he sank into a seat in the smoker.

The train pulled out. Just before the station was lost to view, Carter looked back. Murray was not in sight. Carter glanced behind him, but the coach door was closed.

"I wonder where he is," Carter said to himself.

"Your friend has gone," Murray told Kid Rollins the next morning as he bought the Kid an "eye-opener."

"Where did he go?" Rollins asked. Murray did not answer.

Rollins gulped his whiskey. He felt better. He raised his head and looked at Murray.

"Say," he said, "you got something on that guy, haven't you? Are you after him? What're you going to do to him?"

"Keep him wandering," Murray said, harshly. "Keep him wandering till he thinks he has no place to lay his head. He knows I'm after him."

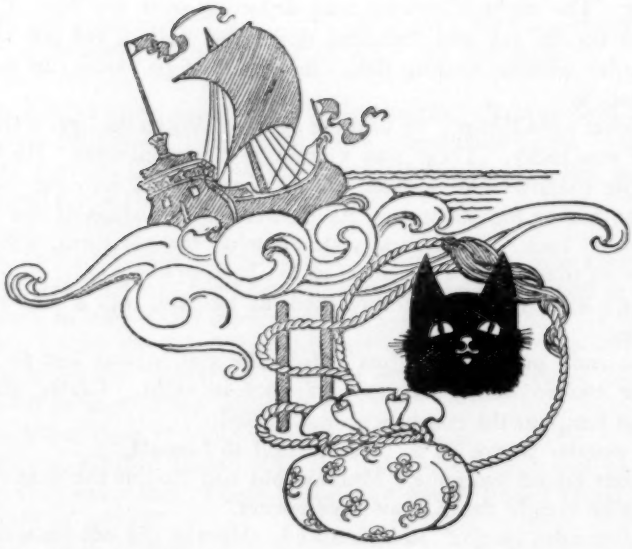
"Well, I guess you'll get him," said the Kid, soberly.

"I've got him now," Murray said. He picked up his bag. "Well, good-by, son. I'm off. See you again sometime—maybe."

"Good-by," said the Kid, and he watched the tall form vanish through the door.

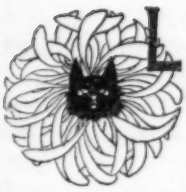
Murray walked up to the ticket agent in the station a few minutes later, and tossed a twenty dollar bill through the window.

"New York," he said pleasantly. "New York—one way!"



Mademoiselle Topaz.*

BY LAURA M. MONTGOMERY.



"LOOK who's here!" caroled Belinda joyously, emptying the carpet sweeper into the paper box so casually that most of the grey, velvety-looking strips of dust floated down on the blond head of "that first-floor woman" who, too, was staring out at the lot back of their porches.

At what? Oh, you're a flat dweller, too! Well, in the center of the dingy lot divided by diagonal paths worn by the feet of the U. of C. students, stood a caravan wagon, dusty and wearing a singular air of aloofness.

A piebald horse had been unharnessed and was tethered nearby, hunting hopefully for the sparse blades of grass that the aforesaid studious feet had spared. There were no windows in the caravan, only a narrow door of exclusive appearance at the top of the shallow step.

The children of the neighborhood gathered as if by magic. With ear-splitting cat-calls and shrieks for "Skinnay" to show himself at once, they swarmed, teasing the old horse, and Harry, noting with the sharpness of a street gamin the letter flap in the door, hurried up and stuck an impudent fist through.

Belinda watched, and when an agonized scream broke forth, she laughed aloud. A yellow, furry claw, had darted out through the letter flap and neatly scratched his homely face. No one expressed any regret as his be-puffed mother indignantly bore him upstairs where he consoled himself by riding his velocipede over the heads of the unfortunates living below.

The caravan perched silently. The meek horse drowsed, only rousing himself enough to gently kick at a child who blew a mouth-organ in his ear. The be-puffed lady called up the Hyde Park Police Station asking why caravans camped in her back yard.

The "third-floor" used her opera glasses, and discovered that the top of the wagon was a skylight slightly open. Small faces could be dimly discerned; horrid eyes glittered.

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On the porches, kimonod ladies scampered back and forth excitedly, and one woman actually heard the phone tingle (the bell ringing in the first-floor flat) without hastening to take up the receiver and listen.

Belinda found an obscure notice in the Sunday paper saying a Moorish Princess was hiding in Chicago.

"That's her!" she shrilled. "They always say you're better hidden in a crowd."

Just then a black man dressed in yellow sateen, with his head swathed in a huge turban, sauntered down the steps of the wagon, mouthing fiercely and waving the children away. They withdrew to a safe distance, and made faces at him as he squatted on the lowest step and regarded them languidly.

Harry drew a little nearer and said impertinently:

"Hello, fellow," and spat at him.

With a bound the darky sprang, drawing his bowie knife. (It might have been a bread knife, but it glittered wickedly.) Harry ran and his mother's acidulous tones floated out thinly:

"Oh, sweetheart, I wouldn't do that if I was you. Come upstairs."

"Sweetheart" responded by breaking a milk bottle, narrowly missing the baby's head on the first floor porch, and skinned out the alley way.

At the appearance of the yellow-clad figure, gossip ran high. Oh, if that secretive skylight were only thinner! Belinda graphically pictured the exquisite Moorish girl, her glowing red cheeks whitened by fear of the pursuing harem owner, her slender arms, weighted by clanking bracelets, lifted supplicatingly to the hideous image of Buddha squatting horridly in his shrine.

"But," objected Mrs. Jones, the landlady, practically "the darky would wear a disguise instead of those foreign looking clothes." She lowered her rasping voice however, as the black man rolled the whites of his eyes in her direction.

"No," replied Belinda stubbornly, "he expects to escape detection by being obvious. Didn't you ever hear of "The Furlined Letter?" And Belinda never dreamed of the pained smile on the Poe statue as he turned on his quarter-sawed oak pedestal and eavesdropped.

"We-ell, I must get my roast in or there'll be no dinner," sighed Mrs. Croaker straightening her frouzy cap. "The men have a easy time Sundays, all right, but a woman's work a-woogle wiggle—" her voice trailed back as untidily as the wispy hair straggled over her bony neck.

All day the caravan drew a crowd.

The literary lady wrote a description dripping with adjectives, of the little Moorish Princess weeping on her pile of skins.

"It's a shame to tell on her," she thought briskly, "but I need the money." She enclosed her Press Correspondent Card and sealed the pink envelope nicely with some gold and pink sealing wax.

"You got to put up a front," she bragged, and moistened her finger to pinch the sealing wax stick back into a point. As she omitted to enclose any stamps, it is doubtful whether the flattered editor returned the Press Card or not, but strangely enough, she is still waiting for her check, and wonders savagely what chance a woman has among business men, anyway. They wonder, too, sometimes.

The flat dwellers sorted out for short walks but always returned by way of the silent caravan.

Groups of girls in middy blouses and brief white skirts mingled with capped and gowned seniors; dainty frocks and long white kid gloves rubbed elbows democratically with sweaters and tennis racquets; the University chimes pealed out gravely and musically; a Sabbath evening hush settled softly over the giggling groups, and long rays of violet and rose spread down, drenching the stately trees of Washington park into colorful beauty.

The last chime had died away. The black man drew out a silver Waterbury watch and looked at it. Yes, the chimes were right. Doffing his jewelled turban, he bowed low to the curious people, and twisted the long bar on the side of the caravan. Lo, it moved slowly and the whole side swung out.

The interior walls were lined with mirrors. Upon a tiger skin reclined a large, very large blond lady, resplendent in a scant frock made of golden sequins. The bodice was cut perilously low, and her curls floated out fluffily.

She bounced coquettishly to her feet and whistled a wierd call. The tiger skin moved. A hundred yellow angora cats leaped out and mingled with the crowd. A spectacled professor caught one, and from the fluttering ribbon on its neck read:

STOP! LOOK! SEE!

Come to the White City to-night and see Mademoiselle Topaz and her trained cats.

Adam and Eve.*

BY EDWIN CARLILE LITSEY.

AVING set for myself the task of writing a novel, and being desirous of obtaining that elusive thing called "local color," or "atmosphere," which, I believe, is coveted by all authors, I went into the far south and took a house on a quiet street in a sleepy town. My man servant really made the selection, for certain matters of business held me at home. But Griggs had been with me fifteen years, and knew my tastes and preferments quite as well as I. So when he wrote me that he had found a place which would please me in every particular, I knew that he had.

"Master will especially like the garden," I read. Griggs had called me Master from the first day he entered my employ. Something very unusual, and not entirely to my liking until I had become accustomed to it. But Griggs was an unusual fellow, of some foreign descent, and since it suited him I made no pother about it.

I gave him two weeks to get the place in order, then went down, laden with pens, ink and paper, and both eyes wide for local color. It was after midnight when I arrived, but Griggs was at the station waiting for me, standing statue-like with a light coat over his arm. When I gently chid him he explained that the nights became chilly sometimes even in that latitude, and he thought I might need the protection. Faithful fellow!

We walked through the still streets side by side. A half grown moon was in the western sky, and lent a peculiar charm to everything. I was conscious of many old houses, iron-fenced and banquetted, and most of them surrounded by trees. Suddenly Griggs stopped and opened a gate. We had reached our destination. I stopped, too, and looked about. There was a small yard, with one

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enormous live oak growing in it. On this side the house he had chosen, another nestled close to it. On the other side a high wall stretched alongside the pavement for a seemingly interminable distance. Whether it was of brick or masonry I could not tell, for it was heavily overgrown with ivy.

"Master had better go in," Griggs' gentle voice was saying; "it grows very late."

We entered, and when he had shown me to my room, I dismissed him.

I had disrobed almost entirely, when an overwhelming desire to see the garden concerning which Griggs had written, assailed me. I knew the feeling was a foolish one, and I had never been governed by impulses of the moment. But soon after the thought was born I was downstairs seeking a rear exit. I found a door giving on to a small back porch, from which some steps conducted me to a small back yard. But no garden was visible. In front of me and to my left was a high board fence, evidently marking the limits of the place, and to my right was what appeared to be a section of that same wall I had noticed just before I came in the house. I was nonplussed. The moon was yet high enough to give sufficient light for visual inspection, so I made a round of the tiny enclosure, looking for a possible door. There was none. I brought up at the foot of the porch steps and raised my hand to my head in perplexity. Griggs never drank, nor doped. He was the sanest, best man servant on earth. He *thought* there was a garden — of that I was confident. Perhaps he had escorted me to the wrong house? But no, he had the key. The crowing of a sleepy-headed cock which had awakened about an hour after midnight reminded me that I should be asleep. Consoling myself with the thought that the mystery would be explained satisfactorily in the morning, I went in and up to bed.

"Griggs, where's the garden?" I asked abruptly, as that worthy appeared at nine the next day to tell me my bath was waiting.

There was a relaxation of the rather severe muscles of the man's face. That was as near as he ever came to a smile.

"Will Master pardon a suggestion?" he asked.

Of course I assented.

"Then wait till to-night."

Through the customary monotony of his voice ran almost a thread of eagerness.

I looked at him sharply.

"See here, Griggs; I searched for that garden last night, and didn't find it. Are you sure it is here, or have you suddenly become demented?"

"You may trust me, Master, as you have always done. I ask you to wait till to-night because of the moon — don't you see?"

I felt like asking his pardon then, but grunted a tolerably short "Very well" instead, and left him.

That day I strolled about the town, receiving impressions, and after tea I read for an hour. Then Griggs appeared, and told me he would show me the place of which he had written, if I was ready. I arose at once, and followed him upstairs to the little study where I was to write my book. He opened a French window giving on to the banquette, and drawing aside, asked me to step out. I did so — then caught my breath, and stared, and stared, and stared.

Below me lay the garden. The high street wall was one of its limits, my house was another, but the other boundaries I could not see. I had no wish to see them; no wish for anything but to stand where I was and absorb the wonderful beauty of the scene below. To feel thrills of ecstasy sweep over me, and sense the delicate odors ascending from great-bloomed flowers sleeping in the moonlight, and diffusing their scented souls upon the air. The moon was almost directly overhead, and lighted fairly well this treasure spot of nature. I moved one of my feet nearer the edge of the banquette, then the other; gently, as we move from a room where a sick one sleeps. I feared it was a vision, and would vanish. At length my hand grasped the iron rail, and as I drew a long, quivering breath of feeling, there was an involuntary sound in my throat. Then I stood, enraptured, and gazed with all my soul suddenly requickened.

It was a wonder-place. I saw no trees except one which seemed to grow in its centre. There were shrubs, and vines, and box, with white walks among. In one corner was a heaped-up bank of snow — a vast bed of white lilies. This was the only color I

could see, but I knew the garden was filled with roses and dozens of other perfume-giving blossoms. Then I became conscious of the music of running water. Smothered flute tones and drowsy bird notes seemed blended in the flow of the unseen stream. Whence it came and whither it went I could in no wise tell. It was not even visible to me, and I saw no fountain, or pool, or basin. But the water was there, and it sang as it flowed — a song of moss tendrils overhanging its rim, and brown, twining plant-roots coming down to drink. How wonderful! And then, to further bewilder my poor brain, I heard singing. I suppose I should call it singing. It was more a crooning chant, accompanied at intervals by chords from a stringed instrument. It was an eerie sound, but fascinating to my ears as Circe's song must have been to Ulysses. This, too, came from that magical garden. In vain I peered, and moved my position, and looked again. Tauntingly the song continued, and presently it assumed the passionate outpourings of a fire-hot heart. Then came minor strains which sent a shiver down my spine — then silence. Nothing moved in the garden. A slight wind rustled the leaves. On the further side of the enclosure I saw something flutter for a second like a white veil, then disappear.

I turned. Griggs had gone. I drew an easy chair out, sat down and lighted a cigar, and tried to think. This was silly. Bewilderment possessed me, and subsequent inquiry and observation could alone bring enlightenment. I felt as if I had taken an opiate. Though I sat quiet for several hours, the song arose from the garden no more. Near midnight I retired.

"Who owns the garden?" I asked of Griggs the next morning, when he brought my coffee.

"I do not know, Master."

"Some one was singing there last night — a woman. Who was it?"

"I have no idea, Master."

"Did she — have you heard her singing at any time before?"

"It was music which first called my attention to the place. It cannot be seen except from the banquette on the western side. One night I heard a strange song, and investigated."

"Did you see — the person?"

"No, Master. I came away before the song was done. It gave me the creeps."

"That is all."

That day I examined the street wall. It was of brick which had become cemented with age, and had a coping of dressed stone. It was at least eight feet tall. There was no sign of a door, or entrance of any kind. Then I went to the wall bounding my small back yard. It was identical with the first, and had no break in its surface. From thence I sought the overlooking banquette again. In the revealing light of day this spot so well protected lost none of its charm. A kind of glamour hung over it. It was inhabited now by droves of lovely butterflies which drifted ceaselessly about on silken wings. I could see the stream now; a silver-gray ribbon whose crumpled length divided the garden in half. There were viney bowers and mossy nooks, and narrow white paths of pebbled marble. There were flowers of every hue, and big-leaved tropical plants which trembled constantly, even when no wind blew upon them. Great, curious, waxen, star-like blossoms looked up from the green dusk by the bosky wall like the pallid faces of women. The tree which grew in the centre of the place was low, and spreading, with thick, dark foliage. I could see no fruit thereon. Beneath it was a peculiarly shaped mound of earth or stone. I could not tell which, because it was completely hidden by a mantle of moss and ivy. But there was a seat-shaped depression on it, where it seemed one might sit and rest. Across the garden from where I stood was a low wooden fence, skirting a house similar to mine, and almost completely hidden by the rank growth. At the further end of the place I made out what looked to be a lattice, canopied by vines.

I, John Adam, am forty years of age, and while not phlegmatic, neither am I romantic. I had always congratulated myself on possessing a well balanced temperament, facing problems, conditions, and difficulties, without flurry yet without sloth. But as I stood on the banquette that day something awoke within me which was distinctly new. It was the echo of that old call to adventure which thrilled us when the race was young. I felt my blood warming with something other than the hot Southern sunshine; I felt my eyes held a new light, and I knew well the

thoughts which began to swarm in my brain made me suddenly wish for the night to come. I had no plan. I did not know what I was going to do. But I felt that an experience awaited me.

I was restless all afternoon. By twilight I could endure it no longer. Going to the back yard I deliberately tilted a goods box on end against the wall, and was soon on top of the barrier. The soft, cool, musky shadows invited me, and I leaped quietly down into the enclosure — a trespasser! I stood erect and tarried a moment, a sudden fear of my boldness taking possession of me. Still the sylvan murmur of the stream lured me, and directly I went forward. Some heavy-winged, belated butterflies reeled by me in drunken flight, and up from the corridors of the grass palace beneath my feet gray and white moths arose flutteringly for their night-long festival among the swooning flowers. Some were large as humming-birds; some were fragile as bits of lace, and some were like the eyelids of a sleeping girl. I seemed enchanted, and when, presently, a slender, wraith-like form stood before me, all in clinging white, I was not surprised. I bared my head, and bowed. She looked at me without smile and without frown.

"I beg your pardon if I intrude upon your property," I said; "but the charm of the place overpowered me. I did not think you would come so soon."

A sweet smile showed upon her face.

"What can you know of me?" she answered, softly. "You are a stranger to our town."

I told her quickly of my coming and taking the house; of the spell the garden had wrought upon me, and of the song I had heard in the night.

"My name is Adam," I added, very lamely.

She lifted her brown-haired head, and laughed merrily and silvery.

"Mine is Eve — and did you know it? this is the Garden of Eden!"

A shiver passed over me, and I felt the coward hand of fear clutch at my heart. Did I face a madwoman? She divined my thoughts.

"It is a coincidence, is it not? Even to the tree in the centre."

She stopped abruptly and came closer to me, looking at me steadily with frank, brown eyes.

"I accept your introduction," she said, drawing back again, "since you have no one to vouch for you. We of the South are very particular as to our acquaintances."

"You are very kind, Miss Eve," I murmured. . . . "Is the garden yours?"

"No, it belongs to old Mr. Eden. That's how it comes to be the Garden of Eden. I know I scared you a moment ago. I saw it in your face. But the opportunity was too good to let slip."

Mirth bubbled from her lips again, and I smiled, too, feeling surer of my ground.

She was slender, but subtly rounded, and possessing that languorous grace which is the birthright of women of the far south. Her hair was gathered on her head in waving masses, and bound by a golden fillet. Her robe was Grecian in design, falling in simple, straight lines. She might well have typified the spirit of the garden.

"I am sorry I have no credentials with me," I proceeded to apologize, "but since you have kindly dispensed with them — "

"Every one carries his character on his face — for those who can see," she replied readily, and I wondered at her perspicuity, for she must have been in the early twenties.

"Thank you for your reading, Miss Eve."

"Call me Eve, Adam, if you please. If I remember correctly, when we were alone in the Garden at the beginning of the world there was neither Miss nor Mister."

For the second time I meditated flight, but noticing a slight twitching at the corner of her mouth, I concluded this was another of her madcap vagaries.

"Eve it shall be, then," I replied, stoutly, "but since I have only found the garden, you must tell me all about it."

She turned and walked towards the tree without a word, and I followed. She sank gently into the seat-like depression, and the leaves of the ivy clasped her form, like little hands. I stood before her, silently.

"You may sit, if you wish," she said, in a voice suddenly

grown serious. She waved a slender hand towards the tree. Its base was surrounded by moss. I sat, and leaned against the trunk. She had become almost pensive, in sharp contrast to her former gaiety. I watched her in wonder. She was half reclining on her support. One arm, bare above the elbow, hung over the side of the verdure-covered seat; the other hand lay idly in her lap, the palm uppermost. She turned her head to look at me.

"I wonder what you think of me — but it doesn't matter much!"

Suddenly she sat upright, and gazed around with uplifted brows.

"You want me to tell you about the garden? Well, it is not mine, although I enjoy it more than any one else. It is Mr. Eden's. His home is yonder, facing the other street." She nodded back over her shoulder, but I was so full of my adventure that I did not care to follow the motion with my eyes. "He is very old, very rich, and a bachelor. He has lived here always, and the garden is his hobby, the work of many years. His family and my family have long been friends. He has given me leave to stay here all I wish, and I have come to regard it as almost belonging to me."

"It is the most beautiful spot I have ever seen," I answered, in reverent tones.

Dusky shadows, like sombre curtains, were silently being drawn about the confines of the place.

"You must go," she said, abruptly. "It would not be proper for you to stay longer."

Reluctantly I arose to my feet.

"May I —" I began, but she interrupted with a short laugh.

"Oh, yes! It would not be right to banish Adam and allow Eve to remain! You may come — at twilight. Perhaps you will see me and perhaps you won't. Your name has gained the passport!"

Jumping up, she lifted her clinging robes above her feet and ran swiftly down one of the white, gleaming paths. So much she reminded me of a fleeing Dryad that I was half minded to give pursuit, like a Satyr, but refrained, and stood watching her ghostly form flit in and out till it disappeared. Then I turned ab-

sently to go, to be confronted with the problem of an exit. I went to the spot in the wall where I had entered. By standing on my toes and reaching, I could barely touch the top of the wall with my finger tips. I leaped, caught and held, and by a great effort drew myself up. Tea was waiting when I went in.

As I ran over my mail, I came to an envelope bearing the local postmark. The note proved to be from Romney Dabs, an old friend whom I had lost sight of ten years before. I learned from his message that he was located in the town, was in business, and that he would come at eight that evening to take me calling. He had just learned of my arrival. If there is one game I dislike it is the social game, but I could not be discourteous to an old friend bent on doing me a kindness, so with Griggs' help I got ready by the hour set.

Romney was overjoyed to see me, and it gave me delight to take his hand again.

"I won't drag you far to-night, old chap," he said, as we went out the front gate. "Our destination lies just at the other end of this wall."

Something like a loosened clock spring let go in my breast. *She* lived there, I felt confident. Immediate developments proved that I was right. When Miss Monclare was presented to me, she gave no sign that she had ever seen me before, and I took my cue and never alluded to the encounter which had so recently taken place. In the drawing-room I found her polished, easy in conversation, witty and charming. I could scarcely believe she was the sprite of the garden.

When we left the house I took occasion to inquire minutely about the family. They were the remnants of an old house, aristocratic and select. Miss Monclare and her mother lived there alone, with the exception of two servants. Formerly they had been wealthy, but in various ways their money had slipped from them, and now their income was barely sufficient to maintain them. I thanked Dabs for the pleasure he had given me — thanks more heartfelt than he had any idea of — and parted with him at my gate, after urging him to come to see me frequently.

I spent a good portion of the next forenoon in my back yard, making a small ladder. Whether it was from a lack of a proper

assimilation of "atmosphere," or some other cause equally elusive, I could not yet begin work on my novel. I had become aware all at once that a study of "types" was as important as an absorption of "local color," and I was firmly convinced that no book could be well written unless its author was thoroughly prepared.

At twilight I scaled the wall with the ardor of a troubadour of old Spain, lifted my ladder to the top and let it down into the garden, and sought the tryst with beating heart. She was not there. I may have been a few minutes early, so I sat down against the tree, and waited. The butterflies stumbled along their darkening pathways as on the previous day, and the moths struggled up from the earth to repeat their revel of the former night. She did not come. I strained my eyes along the fast fading paths. I listened acutely for the sound of a light footfall, for the rustle of drapery. Night settled softly down. She did not appear. Her parting words came to me. "Perhaps you will see me, and perhaps you won't." Was she going to absent herself, and if so, how long? I could not wait. She had dismissed me ere this the evening before. She would be affronted should she come and find me there after nightfall. Regretfully I left the spot, and made my way back to the house. I went upstairs, passed through my little study, out on to the banquette. There I sat down. I had not turned on the lights. When an hour had passed I saw a glimmer of white on the other side of the garden. I leaned forward, breathing gently. It disappeared. Directly, as though the night itself spoke, I heard a voice. Beneath the exquisite human tones was the sighing undercurrent of a stringed instrument. The melody was not the one of the other night. I could hear the words plainly. It was an Arab love song, and the burning fervor of a passion born in the desert lay in the theme. Why was she singing thus to me? She knew I would hear. She knew I was listening. Was it heartless coquetry? The song was a plea to an absent lover. Once I arose, and started to go down. Then better judgment prevailed. I would play the game out as a man should, without any questionable situations.

The next day I went for a long walk, but when the sun sank, I sought the Garden of Eden again, a little later than I did the

afternoon before. This time I found her, an armful of roses hugged to her breast, and her eyes shining like stars in the dusk.

"Eve!" I exclaimed, and she caught the reproach in my voice.

"I did not promise to be here yesterday!" she retorted. "Besides, we must be prosaic now, because you have been formally presented."

She assumed a mock dignity as she spoke, and fell to arranging the roses with delicate fingers.

"Bother formality!" I answered. "The only value which lay in our evening call was to give me the right standing with you. . . . Will you give me a rose, Eve?"

"A red rose, Adam, or a white one?"

She looked at me archly with slightly inclined head, and I felt it strong within me to clasp her and her roses, a fragrant heap, to my breast.

"Both a red and a white," I replied, and she must have divined my feelings, for she gave me a frightened little glance while extricating the flowers I had asked for.

She was standing across the stream from me — it was not over three feet wide — and she held the rose-stems out to me, bending forward. I took them, then seized her hand.

"Jump!" I said; "let's go to the tree."

I gave a little tug at her arm, and she had to obey, or fall. Lightly she leaped, and in another moment was standing beside me, her face flooded with color.

"I heard you sing last night," I said, turning my eyes away.

"I come here to sing almost every night when the moon shines," she replied.

Then we went on in silence to the tree. She occupied her throne-seat — it seemed as much that as anything else — and I took my accustomed place.

"What did you come here for?" she asked, all at once, looking down above her bulwark of roses.

"To write a book," I answered, smiling.

"That's interesting. How do you progress?"

"I dream every day, and progress towards the Garden of Eden every night."

"Then you don't write at all!"

"Not yet. I must get local color, and those things, first."

"What is your story to be about?"

"Oh, a girl — and I suppose, a man."

"How remarkable! Aren't you afraid you'll startle the world with your marked originality?"

I did not reply at once.

"Is this the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil, Eve?" I asked, at length; "or is it the Tree of Life?"

"Neither, I guess, Adam. It's just the tree old Mr. Eden planted here."

How sweet her voice had grown! It seemed as if all the blended perfumes of the place had turned into sound!

Twilight merged into moonshine before either of us was aware. Night had come, and with it the moment for my departure, but I did not go. I wondered, fearfully, if she would remind me I must not stay. She had let the armful of roses drop in her lap. Suddenly a snow-white moth sailed towards her and alighted on her breast, where it rose and fell on the gentle billows of her breathing, its gauzy wings trembling. She slowly prisoned it with one soft hand — mate to the moth in the beauty of its whiteness — then tossed it in the air, and it went tumbling down the glooms towards the lily-bed far away.

"Will —" my voice faltered in spite of me — "will you sing for me here, Eve?"

I trembled for her answer. She sat still for some time after I had spoken, looking down the length of the garden with narrowed eyes. The moon was much brighter, and I could see her plainly. After a while she reached behind her throne-seat and drew forth a guitar, which she lay across her knees, crushing the roses beneath it. I scarcely dared breathe, and directly she sang; a low, sweet old melody of the South. When it was done she arose and said she must go, and I watched her without a word, a white figure treading a white path in the white moonlight. I could not speak, but I believe she understood.

Thereafter, night after night, we kept tryst. And there came a night when the moon was a round globe of silvery brilliance, and it hung just over our heads. I held her hand, and we walked beside the stream which ran through the midst of the garden.

"Eve," I said, "we lost our first garden through disobedience. But this tree has no fruit of any kind. Why may we not live here together, you and I, forever?"

I felt a tremor pass through the hand I held.

She stopped and faced me, and mischief was in her eyes.

"What could a mighty writer of books want with a poor little maid like me?"

The answer was spoken into her fillet-bound hair, for her head was against my breast, and my arms held her close.

"To teach me how my love passages should go, sweetheart! And this I promise you: no angel shall come with a flaming sword to drive us from our Garden of Eden, because we will keep the faith!"

The Way of a Filipino.*

BY JAMES EDMOND CASEY.

THERE were many things about these *Americanos* Nemesio could not understand. And when, love and bewilderment moist in his black eyes, he appealed to them,—a thin little woolly-topped figure in dirty-white, amidst a group of huge, khaki-clad soldiers, they only laughed at him.

Though a man in years, he was like a child to them, or better, a doddering old man: for he waited on them hand and foot. If there were boots to be blackened, wood to be sawed, horses to be tended, or even buttons to be sewn, it was Nemesio who would do it. And rank mattered not: from the captain to the merest private, he was a willing slave to all.

The company returned Nemesio's love with sincere affection. For had he not saved them from the *bolo* men more times than one? When they themselves were new to the Islands, and knew not the Moros' method of attack, he had climbed into a tree and warned them of the *ladrones'* approach; and side by side, he had fought with them against the slashing *bolo* men, until they had won.

It was little wonder, then, that they could not find it in their hearts to laugh now. For they were going home,—back to their loved ones; and they could not but feel pity at his questions.

Even the great commander, the gay, devil-may-care young captain, whom Nemesio loved better than all, held a sad light in his gray eyes. Nemesio noticed this as he brought in the captain's boots, freshly blackened and polished.

"I no can understand, *Senor el Capitan,*" he said, forgetting to lay down the boots. "You come,—you here long, long time. Nemesio, he come to know you all. He fight. He love you. And now you go. You feel sad, yet you leave Carrangbago and Nemesio—I no can understand."

The captain got to his feet and put both hands on the little Filipino's shoulders.

"You poor little devil!" he murmured, and attempted a laugh.

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"But my brother is coming," he said. "He is a great big brave, *soldado*. You love me, Nemesio? Then you will love my brother. And all the men's brothers are coming—Ward's, Buck's, O'Connor's—they laugh, they fight, they drink—just like us, Nemesio. You will love them? You will work for and help them, Nemesio?"

The little fellow looked up out of bedimmed eyes.

"*Si, el Capitan,* for you I love them. But I no can love your brother like I do you. I no can understand."

He dropped the boots to the cane floor and fled down the ladder to the river to think it over. And the captain shook his head, as he followed with his eyes the precipitate flight of the pathetic little figure.

"That's the trouble with this colonization," he mused. "There is nothing to hold us here, save these dog-like, worshipping natives; and our homes and our people—everything drawing us away. And now a new company and a new captain—well, I hope Faulkner has improved since the Cuban campaign. He was such a contemptuous, bone-headed snob. I think I'll leave a note about Nemesio."

* * * * * * *

Nemesio sat in the shade of his nipa hut and smoked incessantly. His heart was bitter. For this new *capitan,* this great *dato* was not the captain's brother. He did not notice Nemesio. And Nemesio missed the merry laugh of the captain and those wonderful words: "Good morning, Nemesio!"

With the men, the little Filipino had got on to a desire. He had shown them where the swimming was the best in the river, and when someone had contracted sickness from the malarial water, he had brought them green cocoanuts and taught them how to extract the cool and refreshing milk.

Gradually, the newcomers came to look on Nemesio as a friend, and at last, as a godsend. But the captain, Nemesio found impossible to approach. Often, in the cool, damp nights he had tiptoed to the captain's hut, had found his boots, and carrying them away, had returned them polished so that he could see his face in them in the moonlight. But the new captain gave no sign that he knew and appreciated.

Nemesio could not understand this. Morning after morning, after accomplishing some favor during the watches of the night, he had sat and waited on the ladder of the captain's house—just a little word—even "Hello, Nemesio!"

But Faulkner would pass down without a word to him, hardly noticing him, apparently.

That he had noticed him, however, Nemesio soon discovered. Most of the night, Nemesio had been scouring the jungles for choice mangoes, and when he had found these he had deposited them in a basket on the captain's table. But when he took up his station on the ladder, early in the morning, a soldier approached and told him to move on.

"But I no understand," Nemesio objected—"the other *dato*—"

"It's the captain's orders," interposed the soldier—"you could stay here all you like for my part, Nemesio. But it's him"—and he pointed up at the house.

Nemesio was stunned. He left the ladder. And now, in the shade of his nipa hut, he was smoking, smoking, trying to comprehend.

Somehow, in his dull, brute way, Nemesio seemed to find a solution to the problem. From his nipa hut, from its place on the dark wall, he took down a shining Krag-Jorgensen army rifle, a present from the captain who was gone. Nemesio fondled it tenderly.

All the remainder of the day he remained in his hut and waited for night. And when taps had softly sounded through the cool haze, he strapped to his side a long blunt knife, or *bolo*, in a bamboo case, and shouldering the rifle, made out of the hut.

By a roundabout way he entered the jungle. All about him were trees and thick undergrowth, and the hum of strange insects. Now and then, as he pressed on, dragging his rifle in the tall grass, the jungle opened out and the moon bathed the spaces in a flood of light.

The moon had passed its zenith, and hung low and strangely near before Nemesio caught the sound he had been awaiting. It was the cry of the carabao. It came from ahead, and Nemesio, knowing the country about, as a stenographer knows her keyboard, realized it came from the fastnesses of the *Totong*, or fever swamp.

Nemesio remembered the *Totong*. It was to this place he had guided the company that had gone, when the captain was new to the Islands. And here, though he had warned them of the proximity of the enemy, they had blundered ahead through ignorance of the country, and had been cut down by shot and *bolo* until a mere handful remained to tell the tale.

The recollection only served to make the little Filipino move the faster. Coming out upon the swamp, the pestilential odor of the place smote his nostrils. But at the same time came the bellow of the carabao—and Nemesio pressed on.

Nemesio had splashed through water and mire until he had reached a point where he could see the lone carabao silhouetted against the dropping red ball of a moon. He paused to decide on his mode of attack. And then a subtle breeze wafted to him the smell of a fire.

Savage that he really was, Nemesio instinctively realized that the fire was somewhere on high ground just beyond the swamp. But whose fire was it? Familiar as he was with the country, Nemesio had thought the swamp deserted. He decided to be cautious and make no noise in his attack on the carabao. It never struck his brute mind to investigate the fire and its builders.

Discarding his gun and unsheathing his *bolo*, Nemesio stole upon the unsuspecting carabao. A slash with the weapon across the animal's neck, and it toppled silently into the mud. It was the work of but a minute then for Nemesio to hack off a choice hulk of the salty meat.

Dragging this back to where he had left his gun, Nemesio spitted the meat on the muzzle of the gun, sheathed the knife, and with the burden on his shoulder, made his way back through the jungle to Carrangbago.

Day had broken ere Nemesio sighted the huts of Carrangbago. As he dragged the still blood-dripping meat up the ladder into the captain's kitchen, he was startled to find the captain up and dressed, and talking to a lieutenant.

Faulkner, as much surprised, rose to his feet at Nemesio's laborious entrance.

"Here, what's this?" he demanded.

Nemesio showed his white teeth ingratiatingly.

"Food, *Senor el Capitan*,—meat for you," he said.

The captain swore.

"I don't want it," he said brusquely. "Get it out; it's dripping blood all over the floor!"

He turned to the lieutenant.

"So this is the kind of men who are going to attack us, eh?" he laughed. "Fellows with offerings of meat! Well, we'll have food enough for months, once we get *Dato* Anak eating out of our hands."

During this time, Nemesio stood waiting patiently, mouth open, not knowing what to do,—half believing the captain was joking with him, as was the way with these *Americanos*. But now the captain turned a face of wrath towards him.

"Well," he bellowed, "did you hear me? Get out of here with that meat! And go join your fellow *gugus* in *Totong* swamp. We

don't want any traitors or cowards. Git!" And he shoved poor Nemesio out of the door. The little Filipino missed his footing on the ladder and fell with a crash, and an accompanying laugh from above, in a heap on the ground. And the chunk of carabao meat thudded to the ground immediately after him.

* * * * * * *

Nemesio swung outward, now to his right, now to his left, high astride a tall leaning palm tree, trying to see ahead through the palm tops. Below was his gun.

Nemesio was on self imposed sentry duty. From the captain's words and gossip about camp, he had gathered that *Dato* Anak and his *ladrones* had been driven up into *Totong* swamp and were contemplating an attack on Carrangbago. So he was on the lookout, to warn the camp if they came.

The captain had called him a coward and a traitor! He had told him to join the *ladrones*! Him, Nemesio! Nemesio thought of the other captain who was gone. Had he not promised him to love and help the new captain and his brothers? No, it must be that this new *dato* did not understand.

Of course, Faulkner did not understand! Nor did he understand the Moro mode of warfare. He was new to the Islands. For when Nemesio had sidled from the camp that night, he had noted that there were only two men on guard—a running guard, the army calls it; the men were to wake a relief after two hours on duty and so on throughout the night.

Only two tired, sleepy men! Nemesio knew how his countrymen fought,—how they could steal along in the grass, from one palm to another, and silence those men with a few quick strokes of their deadly *bolos*. No one of the company in the little row of houses would know. And then there would be carnage,—a shambles. The *ladrones* of *Dato* Anak would hack to death the sleepers within five fleeting minutes. It would be massacre, wholesale, bloody—hundreds of savage *bolo* men against a few sleeping Americans.

But Nemesio would not allow this. He would prove to the great *dato* that he was no coward or traitor. He loved the *soldados Americanos*. And he would warn them in time. For he was stationed in the jungle, fully half a mile from Carrangbago in the direction of *Totong* swamp.

Suddenly, a heavy, warm splash on his cheek aroused Nemesio from searching ahead, to thought of himself. He glanced and sniffed about in apprehension of one of those sudden tropic storms.

A thick, gummy smell was arising from the dank jungle as the clouds sucked up the moisture to belch it upon the earth again. Then a sudden squall of rain tore through the overgrowth of the jungle, a black veil blotted out the moon and the palm branches came thudding about him.

He realized then it was time for him to move and seek shelter. Knowing his countrymen, he felt reasonably confident they would never attack in that storm. Not only would it prove a menace to them, in itself, but of a surety the Americans could not sleep so soundly when their houses were rocking about their ears and the rain thundering on the nipa roofs.

Dragging his rifle, Nemesio began dodging through the jungle, the trees bowing and ducking precariously close to his head, and branches and leaves hurtling about him, sheer dead weights. It was pitch dark, save when the skies opened to thunder and telegraph an occult message to earth.

It was during one of these flashes that Nemesio caught a glimpse of men in dirty white, hacking their way through the jungle toward him. Simultaneous with a cry of recognition, a *bolo* flashed through the air and whizzed by his head, cutting away a waving branch of a nearby tree.

Why *Dato* Anak's men had resolved on an attack on a night like this was hard to explain, unless it was that they suddenly had been caught in the storm and would not turn back. In any case, Nemesio knew that he had lost his way in the storm, and had been travelling toward *Totong* swamp instead of in the opposite direction, where lay Carrangbago.

But there might still be time to warn the camp. He *must* warn them! He must save his *soldados*. He must show the great commander that he was no coward, no traitor. And dodging among the swaying trees, he started through the pelting rain for Carrangbago.

Presently, as the heavens lighted up, a shot rang out from behind. Nemesio felt something bite his arm, which fell limp and hung numb at his side. Still he ran, on and on.

Of a sudden the storm died down. The clouds in the dark heavens broke and the moon burst forth in greater splendor. Only the thick drip of the water from the palisading trees told of the squall that had passed.

Nemesio knew that he still was closely followed. He could hear the crackle of bushes behind him. But not a soul could he see as he crashed on, head turned over his shoulder from time to

time, striving to make Carrangbago and his *soldados*. Then he tried to dodge through a moon-lighted clearing—a report sounded loud behind him, and something red-hot burned all his nerve centers at once. For a moment he ran on in thick blackness. Then he pitched forward and knew no more.

When the next day dawned, and a few *ladrones* that had not been killed were locked in the guard-house, Captain Faulkner organized a detail to enter the jungle and determine the cause of the rifle shot that had been heard that night. For this shot it was that had awakened the camp and first told them of the presence of the *bolo* men.

A half hour later the body of Nemesio was borne in.

The captain gazed thoughtfully a moment down at the spare, tattered form, with the two bullet holes in back and arm.

"Could it be," he said, "that he was out there on guard, to warn us?"

The men who had come to know and respect Nemesio assented silently.

"Then," said Faulkner, "let us give him a soldier's burial, with full military honors."

When taps sounded ere its usual hour, it seemed in the stillness of the tropic night to carry a plaintive, thrilling note. It was man's last tribute to the little woolly-topped Filipino in dirty-white,—Nemesio of the greater love.

Niobe at the Gate.*

BY W. J. BAHMER.

HORTLY after he left the excited chap in the waiting room at Ellis Island and started to look for the expected wife and daughter among the ship's arrivals, the inspector confronted a trying situation. He gave it a different name, something that sounded like Heluva note, which came to the same thing.

It was rather an unusual case even within the observation of one accustomed to seeing unusual cases landing every day. The peasant beauty of the girl in itself lifted the incident above the routine cases of undesirables without means, or of doubtful character, or brought over under contract, only to find the gate closed against them.

The inspector instantly divined the worst. The girl impressed him favorably enough. It was the wife that he eyed doubtfully. The husband had told the truth. She was not overly strong. The inspector recalled the man's supreme joy of anticipation, his breathless story of waiting and working and saving all the years for the coming of those two.

They were different from most of the procession of short, wide-skulled, globular-headed, stocky humanity that daily adds to the nation's vital problem. The girl and her mother suggested less of today's average immigrant and more of yesterday's colonist who blazed the path for civilization on the frontier.

In the girl's face, hopeful and healthy, were emphasized those characteristics seen in Teutonic faces of the Middle West: the impress of initiative, honesty and strength of character that were sufficient to overcome the privations and struggles of the wilderness. A trace of the same spirit was in the mother's expression, patient, contemplative, albeit a little melancholy, then again full of tenderness as the wan face lighted up at some words from the other.

They had reached the long journey's end at last. They would soon be with him to whom they had been going in their hopes and

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dreams for years. There was only the inspection to pass. They viewed that calmly and curiously in contrast to the sense of impending trial sitting visibly upon their companion voyagers.

For a while both women looked searchingly for a fellow traveller in the line before them as far as they could see, past women walking upright and steady under huge bundles on their heads—those burdens of feather beds, cooking pots and uncanny coils of Bologna sausage, maintaining perfect equilibrium despite the volubility chattering underneath. But the traveller for whom they searched could not be seen. The girl kept on looking.

From the wire-fenced apartments the long line moved in single file through the human sifting machine. Slant browed men, mostly, and a few dull eyed women; some gray-haired, round-shouldered, weazen-faced; lives sapped by premature employment in childhood; Europe's slums and vast dregs of degraded peasantry, proclaiming the everwidening sphere of the steamship agent's influence.

The three doctors and the score of men at the desks proceeded in their fashion to determine whom of this shipload to send out under the law and according to the large discretion lodged in their interpretation thereof. As the benevolence of the Government reduces the process of elimination to the crudest elementary principles there devolves upon the servants of the law no obligation to linger long over a people who habitually despise the bath. Handling a new horde of organ grinders and push-cart men is not in any sense a leisurely joy. It becomes perforce an expeditious business.

So the line moved. Suddenly the girl joyfully discovered their missing companion of the voyage, staggering along with heavy pad-locked box and paper valise.

He was startled into a financial exhibit by *"Wie viel gelt?"* hurled at him along the barrel of the official pen pointed with deadly aim at his pocket. The variety of vocal language at the command of Ellis Island interpreters is equaled only by the amazing compass of their sign language.

Hastily transferring a hunk of bread from his hand to his teeth, Heinrich fished out somewhere from his clothes a pitiful driblet of florins. The interpreter had spread them out on his desk almost before Heinrich recovered from the official clutch on his wrist. The amount was dubiously small but the owner could tell where he was going. His answer, however, varied from the ship's manifest spread under the official eye. Questioned again as to his destination, Heinrich repeated with eagerness: "Zu Ohl Boney."

"What?" from the official.

"Ohl Boney," from Heinrich with still more eagerness.

"Old Boney?" curiously from the official, puzzled mightily.

"*Yah, yah*—Ohl Boney!" joyously affirmed Heinrich.

"Now where in Helen Blazes is that?" pondered the official. As no state with which he was on terms of geographical intimacy rejoiced in any such city or hamlet as "Old Boney," the official shook his head ominously.

Anxiety filled Heinrich. His despair mingled with dogged insistence that he was bound for "Ohl Boney," but he was turned aside into the detention room, and his woe-begone look brought a rush of sympathetic concern into the eyes of the two who knew him.

At the doctor's wicket the girl passed inspection easily. The sharp glance rested on the pale face of the mother. The examiner dipped his hands into the bowl of antiseptic, caught the woman's eyelids, and turned them back, searching the inner surface. He marked her sleeve with chalk. Formerly suspicious cases for the Board of Special Inquiry to sift were ticketed "S. I." printed large on cardboard, until the wearers were detected hiding the cards.

As the door of the detention room closed on the anxious-faced woman and girl, a silent inspector walked away slowly, thinking of the chap in the waiting room.

The Board of Special Inquiry heard the testimony. "Where does her husband live?" In an overcrowded tenement, of course. Where else could the poor devil live on nine dollars a week, society's wage for hard labor with pick and shovel? And to that horrible congestion of squalor and filth, foul air, no sunlight and without common decencies, he would bring his diseased wife?

The Board was not insensible to humane considerations, and it was likewise not insensible to strict execution of the law. It was solely by uniform administration of the law that the country had been spared many cases likely to become public charges. Here was a case of disease coming plainly within the exclusion act. There seemed no legal reason for making an exception of it only to add to the economic and social burdens of immigration already costing millions annually in charity.

"Besides," as a member of the Board summed it up, "if times ever change for the worse and the scum that has been landed here is thrown out of work and goes hungry there'll be riot and bloodshed such as no country ever saw before."

Behind the carefully guarded doors of the detention room the mother and daughter waited with Heinrich, waited with the old and the stricken.

A name was called at the door and there was a rush. Heinrich, whose destination repeated in all the accents of hope, perplexity and despair, had staggered the officials, was understood at last. "Ohl Boney" succumbed to patient analysis as Albany.

On the threshold of deliverance Heinrich, smiling radiantly at his companions gazing wistfully after him, suddenly remembered, and the smile froze on his face.

The inspector, with the report from the Board of Special Inquiry, had gone after the chap waiting impatiently for wife and daughter. With a gesture to follow, the officer silently led the way toward the detention room. The man came after him excitedly. It was a great day for him. No one had the heart to tell him yet His had been a three years' waiting, he repeated, almost beside himself with delight while following the inspector; three years he had waited and saved to bring his wife and child.

Near the door he met Heinrich, greeted him joyfully and hurried past as he caught sight of the others in the room.

"Lena!" Wife and daughter were in his arms. The inspector, standing in the door, looked away.

With her head on her husband's shoulder Lena breathed in German: *"Mein lieber!* I see you again, Peter."

"Yah, yah!" rejoiced the Americanized Peter. "We have our home—goot home. We live in beeg house. Und Lisbet—how big she grow!"

He surveyed the girl with fatherly pride. There were tears in her eyes. He patted her rosy cheeks, and laid his rough paw gently on the pale cheek of the mother, wet from weeping.

The inspector came to them and drew Peter aside. His manner was humane, but his message was cruel. The Board had decided that the wife did not meet the requirements. She was afflicted with an incurable malady. Moreover they had no money. Peter had only that nine dollars a week, insufficient to provide medical attention, as well as support the family. The wife must go back.

Peter did not believe he heard aright. It could not be; it was unnatural, terrible. His agonized look met the tear-stained faces of his wife and daughter. He drew them to him, sobbing.

"She go back—back to where, to what? To beg—she got nodding, no money, no home,—go back to die. *Ach himmel!* You no understand," he went on piteously, grasping the blue sleeve. "I work—work hard—dree year und save money to bring her. You no send her back—we go home. *Yah,* I take her. You let me, *yah?"*

It was hard to make Peter understand, but it was the law.

"Law! *Ach Gott!* You send her back to die—no home—no money. *Nein, himmel!*" In his stress he broke forth in the mother tongue with pleading and reasonings, to all of which the officer shook his head. "Americaw freiland!"

Brokenly Peter tried to comfort the poor soul at his side. They had waited long. They must wait longer. She was to go back to the fatherland now until he could get more money. Maybe he would get twelve dollars a week soon. He would save, he would not spend any more to live than he had to, he would get money and then they would let him bring her. In two years he would send for her and Lisbet.

The melancholy eyes, red with weeping, looked up into his long and sorrowfully. Must they go back alone and leave him?

With sudden resolution Peter saw his way. He would go back with them. He thrust a handful of silver at the officer—all the money he had in the world. It was not half enough for a ticket.

The inspector advanced to lead away his charge. Through the open door came the distant voices of the favored ones moving down the long path to the battery boat—the many hued procession of women hooded in gayest shawls, children clattering behind, and men lugging bundles, while waiting relatives shrieked recognition.

With tear dimmed eyes the mother groped for her bundle. The trembling hand felt the touch of another. She looked up into Heinrich's woeful face. He motioned toward the girl, a question trembling on his lips.

The mother looked from him to her child, and a spasm of pain caused the white lips to tremble. The officer, with hand laid kindly on the girl's shoulder, was drawing her from the heart-broken father. The mother caught the wistful look in the girl's face. Her Lisbet need not go back. Why drag her into the blackness that lay beyond, only in the end perhaps to become afflicted, too, with the disease which would bar her from Heinrich's side?

She laid her hand on her husband's arm,while the wan face calmed in a pathos of resignation.

"Lieber," she smiled, pointing to the money held out in Heinrich's open hand, "see there—enough for you to go back with me—we can go home— but Lisbet—Heinrich wants her."

Pamfret and Peace.*

BY REX T. STOUT.

PAMFRET was happy. To be back in the world again, to feel once more that old sense of incompleteness—what could be more delightful? He laughed aloud as he recollected how Satan had warned him that the earth might not prove so attractive after all.

For Pamfret was no ordinary mortal. In 1910 he had died, and as he had done some things and left undone some others, he had been sent with slight ceremony to the land of darkness. Of his existence there we have no knowledge, save that he found it somewhat darker and a great deal more interesting than he had imagined. Nor do we know the exact nature of the service he rendered the Prince; but it was an important one, and Satan rewarded him with ten years more of life. Pamfret was wildly grateful, and almost incurred the Prince's displeasure by his eagerness to return to the world above. Once there he forgot everything but the joy of mortality.

He was considerably surprised when he found that the world had gotten as far as 1970. Sixty years! Everything, of course, was changed. But he felt that just to be alive was enough. It was really very silly of Satan to give him that vial, he thought,—as if there were any chance of his wishing to return before the ten years ended.

It was noon of his first day. As he walked along Fifth avenue and noted the many changes and additions, the absence of old landmarks and the encroachments of commercialism, he experienced little of that feeling of unreality he had expected. After all, it was only natural that there should be changes. The world does not stand still. At 42nd street he stopped at the Library, and felt a strange pleasure in renewing old acquaintances on its shelves. Two blocks further on he was delighted to find that Sherry's had remained faithful to its old corner, and congratulated himself that he had not yet lunched.

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He passed through the outer hall into the dining room on the left, intending to find a table near the orchestra, but found that the place formerly set aside for the musicians had been rearranged and furnished for diners. When he had found a seat and summoned a waiter, "Is there no orchestra?" he asked.

The waiter looked surprised. "Certainly not."

"Why certainly?"

"But it would cause disagreement. Some people like music and some do not. But Monsieur is jesting?"

Pamfret could see no joke. But at least they still had a menu. "Bring me some clams."

"Yes, sir."

"And some cold turkey with jelly."

"Yes, sir."

"And—have you any alligator pears?"

"No, sir."

"Well, then Salad Macedoine, and a pot of coffee."

"Yes, sir," and the waiter hurried away.

"That waiter has no imagination," thought Pamfret. "He had not a single suggestion to offer." And he leant back in his chair the better to watch the crowd.

There was a curious air of calm about the room. Everyone was talking, but no one seemed at all interested in what anyone said. There was no animation, nothing of piquancy in either face or gesture. "What stupid people!" said Pamfret to himself.

Seated at the next table were a man and a girl. "I don't care to go," the girl was saying. "I adore opera but I hate plays."

"I have heard that this is a very good play, and I shall go," said the man.

"Very well, then I shall return home. Goodby," and she rose to go.

"Oh, are you finished?" asked the man. "All right. Goodby."

Pamfret was astonished. "The girl is pretty and the man is a fool," he declared; but the arrival of his waiter with a plate of clams put a stop to his soliloquy.

Three o'clock found Pamfret seated in the grandstand at the Polo Grounds. It was a day of glorious sunshine, and promised still more glorious sport. The old rivalry between New York and Chicago had been heightened by time, and the Cubs were even now battling with the Giants for first place. Pamfret felt a joyous excitement. He turned to his nearest neighbor. "The Giants are really the stronger team, aren't they?" he queried.

"That is a matter of opinion," replied his neighbor.

"Are you from Chicago?"

"No."

Pamfret subsided.

At 3:30 the game was called. "Now there'll be something doing," thought Pamfret.

The first inning passed quickly. The play was snappy, but there were no runs made, and there was no applause. In the second inning Chicago's batters were soon disposed of. The first man up for New York drew a base on balls, and then—the next batter hit a triple to left, scoring the runner. The crowd was silent. Pamfret clapped his hands furiously.

An usher approached and handed Pamfret a printed card. Pamfret turned it over and read as follows:

INTERNATIONAL PEACE CONGRESS.

COMMITTEE ON ATHLETICS.

Rule 19. It shall be unlawful for a spectator at any athletic game to show preference to any contestant by any manner of applause or derision.

Pamfret was so bewildered that he forgot to watch the game. So that was the cause of this curious silence. He wondered what was the penalty, and decided, inasmuch as he was not disturbed further, that a warning was considered sufficient for a first offence.

Then he heard the crack of the bat against the ball, and looked just in time to see the little leather sphere bound against the left field fence and roll back onto the field. The runner tore wildly around the bases, while the crowd uttered not a sound. On past second he dashed, and rounded third just as the ball was being returned by the fielder. He flew down the home stretch with the speed of an arrow, and reached the plate the merest fraction of a second before the ball landed in the catcher's mitt.

"Out!" called the umpire.

"Robber!" shrieked Pamfret. "Thief! Robber!"

The crowd gazed at Pamfret in dismay. Again the usher approached and handed him a card. Pamfret, partially realizing what he had done, took it in a rather shamefaced manner, and read:

INTERNATIONAL PEACE CONGRESS.

COMMITTEE ON ATHLETICS.

Rule 26. It shall be unlawful for a spectator at any athletic game to show either approval or disapproval of any decision of the umpire or referee. Penalty: ejection from the grounds.

A silver gong sounded somewhere under the grandstand

Pamfret looked up. The entire mass of spectators was standing, each with bowed head and arm raised, pointing with outstretched finger to the outer gates. On the field each player had stopped still in his position and turned to point. Pamfret was confused; he wanted to laugh; but the air of solemnity about the whole proceeding forbade it. There could be no doubt about the meaning of this universal gesture, and he descended from the grandstand and started across the field towards the gates. As he arrived there, he turned and looked back. Thirty thousand fingers were pointing at him in a sort of contemptuous scorn. As he passed through the gates he heard the silver gong ring out as before.

"What the devil," he thought, as he boarded a downtown car, "is the world coming to? Or rather, what *has* the world come to? I don't believe I'm going to have such a good time after all;" and he sighed for the day when a close decision meant tears and threats unsurpassed even in Hell.

He began to long for someone to talk to—loneliness assailed him. A baby in the arms of a woman opposite him began to cry, and on a signal from the conductor the woman arose and left the car at the next corner. The man seated next to him—an awkward looking man with a beard—was engaged in conversation with his neighbor on the other side. "The English," he was saying, "are a wonderful people."

"The Americans," replied the other, "are a very wonderful people."

"The English," said the bearded man, "are great artists."

"The Americans are a race of geniuses."

"The British Empire is indissoluble."

"America is the Land of Freedom."

"England is the greatest country in the world."

"Rule 142," said the American, calmly. "No comparisons allowed in an argument."

"I beg your pardon," said the Englishman.

But Pamfret was already on his feet. He had always hated the English. "Argument!" he shouted. "Argument! Do you call that an argument? Tell him he lies!"

"Rules 207, 216 and 349," said the Englishman and American in unison. "No contradictions, no personalities, and no loud talking."

The conductor touched Pamfret on the arm and signalled him to leave the car. Pamfret's first impulse was to throw him through

a window; this continual restraint was becoming irksome. But he thought better of it, and besides, they had reached 66th street. He alighted at the next corner, and started south on Central Park West.

At 65th street was a restaurant, and he stopped for dinner. The room was crowded; but finally Pamfret found a table over against the wall, sat down and called a waiter, who seemed a little worried as he caught sight of him.

"Table d'hote?" asked Pamfret.

"Yes, sir."

"Very well. Make the selection yourself," and the waiter hurried away, still with the worried look on his face.

A man and woman entered the restaurant and walked straight to the table where Pamfret was sitting. They seemed surprised on seeing him seated there, looked around in a disconcerted manner, and finally sat down on a small divan placed against the wall. Pamfret thought he understood. He got up from his chair and bowed to the man.

"I beg your pardon, sir, but is this your table?"

The man nodded. "Yes—that is, we—we had it reserved," he answered.

"Well, then," said Pamfret, "I wouldn't think of appropriating it. The waiter should have told me. Of course you will take it?"

"But surely you know that would be against the law," exclaimed the other, horrified. "We couldn't."

"But that is exactly what I do not know," said Pamfret. "At least," he added, "I trust you will allow me to share it with you?"

The man looked at the woman inquiringly. She nodded. Pamfret found another chair, and all three sat down at the table together. The waiter appeared with a plate of soup, and seeming relieved to find the couple seated, took their order.

"I am surprised—" began the man.

"Of course you are," interrupted Pamfret. "But I really don't know the first thing about these beastly—these laws. The truth is—I have lived nearly all my life in China, where everything is different."

"But I thought the peace laws were universal."

"They are, they are," Pamfret replied hastily. "But I was alone most of the time,—er—scientific explorations, you know. Besides they do this sort of thing better in China. There is no—"

"Rule 142. No comparisons," interrupted the woman.

There was silence for awhile. Finally Pamfret tried again.

"Those broiled mushrooms were delicious," he declared. "Don't you think so?"

"I beg your pardon, but I'm afraid I can't answer you," replied the man. "Rule 207, you know. No contradictions."

Pamfret was becoming desperate. He had given his head so many bumps against this immovable wall of Peace that he was unable even to think. Silence, he decided, was his only refuge.

As the dessert came on he heaved a sigh of relief, and foolishly ventured a question.

"You know," he said, "I have been out of the world for a number of years, and I hope you won't mind if I ask you a question. How long has this peace thing been in power?"

"Really," answered the man, "you amaze me. Discussion of history is strictly forbidden."

Pamfret could stand it no longer. He threw a bill on the table; took up his hat and stick and rushed wildly out of the restaurant.

A car was passing the door. Pamfret ran to the next corner ahead of it and waved his cane at the motorman. The car went by without stopping, and as it passed the conductor tossed a card out of the window. It fell on the pavement at Pamfret's feet. He picked it up and read:

INTERNATIONAL PEACE CONGRESS.

COMMITTEE ON PUBLIC TRANSPORTATION.

Rule 96. The motorman or engineer of a public vehicle shall ignore signals to stop for passengers, if such signals are boisterous or agitated, or made in any but a thoroughly peaceful manner.

Pamfret tore the card in a dozen pieces. "Well, of all the—" he began, then he was silent. He was afraid to talk even to himself where there was a chance of being overheard. He wanted to be alone, to have time to consider this strange, this impossible world to which he had been so eager to return. He started to walk downtown, intending to get a room in the first hotel he saw.

At 61st street he noticed a magnificent white marble building set back some fifty feet from the street, facing Central Park. It was flanked by four minarets, each one bearing at the top a marble group representing a winged angel destroying a warrior's sword. Over the entrance, in heavy raised letters, was the inscription, "HALL OF PEACE."

"So this is where they do it," thought Pamfret, as he gazed at the inscription. "I'd like to blow the d—d thing up." Then he

noticed that the main doors were open, and passing over the outer flagstones with an odd feeling of fear, he went inside.

The interior was very similar to that of a cathedral, with the exception that there were no stained glass windows. Immense columns of marble rose on every side, while the vaulted roof seemed to reach to the skies. At the farther end was an altar, on which was set the figure of the winged angel destroying the warrior's sword. The group was of ebony. Below, on the pedestal, were inscribed the words of the Poet:

"And therefore, to our weaker view,
O'erlaid with black, staid Wisdom's hue."

Around the altar rail below the figures men and women were kneeling. Pamfret, as he gazed, felt a feeling of mingled disgust and awe sweep over him. "Of course," he said to himself, "it is really very funny. But somehow it impresses one." And he turned to leave.

A half-hour later found him seated in his room at the Hotel Pax, reading a book. He had found it lying on the table when he entered the room. It was covered in black leather and lettered in gold with the title, "Book of Peace." "By all the Gods!" exclaimed Pamfret. "Here's their bible!"

It was little more than a book of rules, with photographs and biographies of the founders of the great Congress and a short exposition of the philosophy of the new World Religion. Everything, it seemed, was under the domination of this all-powerful Congress.

Pamfret, mentally disturbed as he was, found a great deal of amusement in the rules of the Committee on Courtship, while he found that the Committee on Domesticity had made the family a farce and the home a tomb. The Committee on Sleep—but Pamfret could go no further. He was completely exhausted. His head fell forward till his chin rested on his breast. Awakening with a start, he undressed and went to bed.

He dreamed of Peace, Peace with the body of an angel and a horrible grinning skull for a head. Through rivers and valleys, over steep hills and deep bogs and marshes this frightful thing pursued him, until at last he saw before him in the middle of a desert, the beautiful Hall of Peace. With a final burst of strength he reached the portal, and entering the marble vault, approached the altar and knelt before it. The ebony angel on the pedestal put together the pieces of the broken sword of the warrior, and raised it to strike. Pamfret raised his arm to ward off the blow; and just as the sword was descending with the speed of lightning, he awoke.